

i'll protect you (even if you wouldn't do the same for me)

By: featherx

Weiss is charged to investigate two girls suspected for a local murder. Unfortunately for her, her partner isn't exactly someone she would willingly choose.

Status: ongoing

Published: 2014-10-03

Words: 7542

Original source: <https://archiveofourown.org/works/2396816>

Exported with the assistance of FicHub.net

i'll protect you (even if you wouldn't do the same for me)

[Introduction](#)

[Chapter 1](#)

Chapter 1

"Yang Xiao Long and Blake Belladonna." Weiss wrinkled her nose. "In short; you suspect they are responsible for two local murders and you want me to investigate them."

"Basically," Pyrrha said, sighing. "But those two are only very minor suspects. The major ones are currently being investigated by Sun and Neptune." The redhead looked out the window, clearly not wanting to meet Weiss' burning gaze. "I was going to assign you to them, but they..."

"I understand," Weiss interrupted, trying to keep her voice level. "Is there any specific method you'll want me to use?"

Pyrrha kept her gaze firmly fixed on the window. "Yes." Even her voice sounded locked. "You will be working with a partner and pretend you two are an item. It is confirmed that Xiao Long and Belladonna are susceptible to those of the same... sexuality."

Well. Weiss blinked, trying not to think about her partnership with another female. Not since *that* day when she was forced to ask Cinder out on a date and then... "Who is she?" Weiss nearly snapped, trying not to let her thoughts drift back to that dark day of her life.

The redhead opened her mouth, paused, closed her mouth - then finally, looking resigned, spoke. "Tell me the person you have called either 'dunce' or 'dolt' more than five times in a day."

Without skipping a beat, Weiss replied, "Rose."

Pyrrha buried her face in her hands. Before the realization fell onto the snow-haired girl and she could jump off her seat to wrangle the redhead, Pyrrha said, "I am so sorry, Weiss."

Ruby Rose is by no means an incompetent agent. She is perceptive, observant, quick-minded, and can improvise like no one else, even though she may not look the part. However, she can also be a little too cheerful and optimistic about things, and while those are typically favorable traits in a dark job as an undercover agent, Weiss Schnee is not one of the people who like her.

Shown by the fact that Weiss' common insults have been used against Ruby for at least twice every time they meet, the snow-haired girl clearly has little patience for Ruby, her former partner. Weiss had hoped and prayed with all her heart that she never be partnered with Ruby again, but through some unfortunate decision made by the higher-ups, Weiss would never pray again and would probably curse the gods to eternity.

Ruby, being Ruby, had absolutely no idea about Weiss' obvious dislike towards her. She understood that Weiss was a very intelligent partner and very helpful in cases - but she had always thought that the word 'dunce' was Weiss' term of endearment towards her. Even Nora sighed at that.

So, naturally, when she had learned that she was partnered up with Weiss for a case that looked incredibly fun, Ruby had jumped at the chance to talk to the snow-haired girl first thing in the morning. And Weiss was *not* a morning person.

Their conversation went something like this:

"Weiss! Weiss, guess what, I'm-"

And then Weiss promptly threw her entire coffee mug at the poor raven-haired girl's face.

After Ruby had properly wiped her face with the coldest towel she could find in the bathroom, she tried once more. This time, trying to give Weiss a normal approach by not jumping at her from out of nowhere, she went over to the veteran agent in the afternoon and spoke.

"Hey, hey, Weiss? Weiss, you know I'm your-"

"No. Don't say it."

"Say what? That I'm your-"

"*Don't say it* ."

"W... Why not?"

"Because I'm thinking that if I don't hear it straight from anyone's mouth, then it's not true and I'm partnered up with someone else. *Anyone* . I'll even take Fall back. Or Scarlatina. I'll even accept Valkyrie if it'll spare me from you and your stupid red cape."

Ruby wisely decided to back away from Weiss and only speak to her about business matters.

Another reason Weiss bore an incredibly strong hatred towards Ruby was that she wore her mother's red cape everywhere. *Everywhere* . Weiss suspected the only times she ever really took it off was when she went to sleep or took a bath, which was very accurate. Ruby never really told her, or anyone else why, and didn't seem to plan to. Weiss didn't particularly matter for the reasoning behind it - all she knew was that if they were going to be partners, then that red cape had to be somewhere else *besides* flowing behind Ruby's back like she was some sort of superhero.

But no matter how much Weiss pleaded to Pyrrha for a change of partners, the redhead never relented. Weiss considered getting Jaune to do it - heaven knows Pyrrha would push a moving train off a cliff if the blond told her to do so - but she decided that she wasn't *that* desperate just yet. So she simply resorted to getting things ready for the mission and scouting out possible areas to rendezvous with Ruby if they ever separated.

Weiss' plan of action was to get closer to the two suspects, whatever their names were - she did, in fact, know their names; it was just a

little bit too awkward to call them as such - perhaps become friends with them, and then track them around to see if they were doing anything suspicious enough to warrant a proper investigation in their house, or even an interrogation if it went that far. Of course, Weiss was sure that the plan would divert greatly from what she expected, since Ruby was involved, but she still tried to make sure to cover up any holes in her plan and that there was always something she could use in a nearby area if ever she needed to make a quick escape. Ruby could fend for herself, she supposed.

The mission was scheduled to start on the fifteenth of September, which was a week away. There was no specific deadline, but it was recommended that they manage to wrap it up by the end of November, or earlier, which would look even better on Weiss' record. Her personal deadline was by the end of October, which she highly wished would happen.

Though, she dejectedly reminded herself, Ruby was involved. She also knew that there was a reason the raven-haired girl was greatly experienced in the art of improvisation.

On September 15, it started.

Emerald and Mercury reported that Yang and Blake were currently heading to a local restaurant that was filled with people. Weiss jumped to action immediately - she knew exactly what she had to do here. Practically dragging Ruby along with her, she threw on her civilian clothing (which, being raised in almost royalty, did *not* look like civilian clothing at all) and dashed down the street to reach the restaurant.

It was just in time that they managed to nick a four-people table, since that was the only other table left, really. Weiss tried to look inviting and nice to others, but instead, she just looked even more prim and proper on her seat, back straight, shoulders arched, face set into a stone mask. Ruby, on the other hand, had no trouble at all

in knowing what they were supposed to do and even ordered a chocolate milkshake for herself to pass the time.

The bell by the door chimed when the two suspects walked in, looking as carefree as could be. If they were really the culprits, Weiss thought to herself as she eyed the duo searching for a free table, they were abnormally good at putting up a not-guilty façade.

"Hey, you two over there!" Ruby yelled, surprising Weiss enough for her to jump and nearly hit her knees on the table. Yang and Blake looked over at the bright-eyed girl, who looked to be jumping up and down like she really needed to empty her bladder. She grinned, teeth and all, and waved them over. "Need a seat? We can share!"

"Well, someone's a nice kid!" Yang laughed, walking over to their table. She took a seat beside Ruby, forcing the silent Blake to shuffle beside Weiss nervously. Her amber eyes seemed to go anywhere but towards the snow-haired girl. "Hey, thanks for the seat. Today's a special day for the both of us and this restaurant has some great food. Waiter!" She stood up, waving the waiter over.

"It is indeed a nice place, if not noisy sometimes," Blake murmured, just barely heard over the din of the other people around them. Ruby nodded, slurping her milkshake, then responded,

"Do you have a recommendation? I've never been here before, my, uh-" her silver eyes flickered over to Weiss, as if giving a silent apology, then continued; "My girlfriend's real rich so we usually go out to really classy places. You ever gone to a restaurant with the menu in German?" She laughed, sounding incredibly convincing.

Yang, who had jabbed at the picture of a steak on the menu and demanded the waiter finish it up in twenty minutes then sent him on his way, widened her peculiarly-shaded lilac eyes. "German, eh? Must be really great to have those fancy date stuff like, I dunno, candlelit dinners, sexy make-out sessions in the dark, gazing into each other's eyes like those cheap romance chick-flicks-"

"You *love* cheap romance chick-flicks," Blake interjected in a deadpan, eliciting a chortle from Ruby and an almost-forced giggle from Weiss. Noticing that the snow-haired girl beside her had barely said anything, she asked, "How did you two get together?"

Oh. Weiss' face seemed like a volcano ready to burst, but she *knew*, she *knew* she had prepared for this question, it was just that she had completely forgotten everything in the spur of the moment. "We - I, well-"

"You don't need to answer the question if you don't want to," Blake quickly amended, probably thinking she had made the tension between Weiss and the rest of the group thicker. Luckily, Ruby, being the queen of improvisation as she was, jumped in at just the right moment.

"You know 'bout those characters in anime? Like, 'tsundere'?" Ruby asked, smiling convincingly. "Yeah, my friend Pyrrha always calls her that. All, 'tsunde-Weiss, tsunde-Weiss', and it's *amazing*, it's like she was born for the whole sake of that pun!" The red-caped girl threw her head back with her laughter, the blonde beside her doing the same. "Gosh, but she's a great girlfriend. Swear, though, first time we met, I fell on her baggage and she yelled at me for being a dunce."

"I was calling you a dolt, actually," Weiss said, a small smile springing on to her face despite her insistence of keeping a neutral expression. Was she actually *enjoying* her time here?... No, can't be. "And Pyrrha's puns are horrible. Even *I* make better ones."

"Oh, really, now? Like what?" Yang challenged, leaning in across the table to stare Weiss down. The snow-haired girl dared not relent, intent on giving a good first impression on the potential culprits. "You may have only just met me, but you can't beat the queen of puns herself."

Ruby giggled. "Pyrrha's are bad, but Weiss' are the worst of all, I swear. Like, this one time, we were having a card-house-building

contest with Cinder and Emerald - don't ask - and their friend Mercury blew ours down, and Weiss was all like, 'well, that plan *fell apart* quickly', and it was so bad Emerald almost cried and Cinder banged the table so the candle between us fell and almost burned the whole house down."

"Those cards were my best deck," Weiss grumbled, new ideas springing up and being shot down with every word that came out of Ruby's mouth. Spontaneity wasn't something she was used to, but with Ruby as her temporary partner, she supposed it was something she was inevitably going to have to get used to.

And when she saw all three girls around her laughing and giggling and gasping for air like mad, she sighed internally, and thought that maybe this mission wasn't as bad as she thought it would be.

The next day, Weiss was sorting out some files, when her eyes landed on a familiar raven-haired girl.

Her gaze lingered a second too long, her fingers a minute too slow - and before she knew it, Cinder was behind her and staring curiously at the tiny picture of Ruby Rose. Sputtering, Weiss attempted to push her away, but her former partner refused to move and instead slowly traced the words spelling out the red-caped girl's name with her pointer finger.

"She's right beside me, you know?" Cinder grumbled. "Told me nearly everything that happened yesterday and how there was some sort of card-house-building wherein you made a pun so horrible I burned a house to ashes."

"*Almost* burned a house to ashes," Weiss corrected, barely managing to keep the stammer out of her voice. "Gods know that if you actually had the power to control fire, all hell would break loose, quite literally."

"Now, who wouldn't want that?" Cinder murmured. Then, quite abruptly, she straightened and turned on her heel, strutting off outside. Her hand dug into her pocket and retrieved a box of cigarettes and a lighter with ease. "If you'll excuse me, Weiss. I need a break from your obstreperous partner."

"I know the feeling," the snow-haired girl muttered, making sure to look back down at the files to make it look like she was working, but her ice-blue eyes had melted for just a nanosecond at the sight of Ruby's ever-bright face.

Her face burning, Weiss Schnee stuffed the file into an envelope and threw it to the side of her desk, proceeding to then grab the nearby telephone and punch in some numbers. "Emerald, track those suspects down. I'm going alone this time."

"Aren't you..." Blake peered over at Weiss curiously over the counter over a suspicious-looking book, which she immediately snapped shut and shoved away to a corner. "Oh! You're that one from the restaurant... Weiss, was it?"

"Fancy seeing you here," Weiss replied in her best casual tone, which was not casual in the least. "I never did catch your name the other time, miss..."

"Blake Belladonna," Blake responded, smiling a smile that didn't quite reach her eyes. "It is a pleasure to meet you again."

"Likewise." Looking around the library, Weiss could clearly see that most of the books were black, with no cover, all in hardbound, and had its title in italicized golden font at the spine. "This is your library? Is there a specific genre?"

"... No," Blake said, a touch too slow - Weiss barely managed to hold her eyebrow down. "Are you going to browse? I do apologize for the book covers - T-Tuckson insisted it be that way-"

"It's alright, I suppose," Weiss replied nonchalantly, strolling over to a random shelf and selecting a book without even looking. "Where's your friend... Yang, was it, today?"

"Training," came the too-fast reply. Weiss struggled not to turn around, flash out the handcuffs, and demand the librarian come up right now and have a nice little interrogation with Glynda. "Where might your Ruby be?"

'*My Ruby?*' Weiss almost snorted, trying to keep her composure - it wouldn't do to reveal her cover so fast, and especially just because of her partner. "She's busy with work." A pause. Thinking quick, Weiss added, "She did agree on another date to, as she had so eloquently described it, 'another one of those fancy German restaurants Weiss really likes'." That hadn't exactly been a lie. Ruby had shown interest in actually going off to eat in a fancy German restaurant that Weiss liked. Not that Weiss herself wanted to go as well. No, of course not. She had *business matters* to busy herself with.

She could feel Blake smile behind her. She didn't say anything for a while, but then, just when Weiss decided to pretend-read, "It must be nice."

"W-What is?" Weiss stuttered ('*curse it!* '), caught off-guard for the first time in quite a while.

"To be able to have dates with your girlfriend whenever and wherever you liked," Blake said, sounding somewhat wistful. "To just be able to hold each other's hands, to sleep on the same bed, to not be separated because of-"

Weiss leaned in.

"Because of - of-"

Blake's breath hitched.

"Because of certain reasons."

Weiss sighed, realizing that getting a definite answer by the second day was not at all realistic, and simply nodded. "Yes. It is. Nice, I mean." 'Yeah, if only... wait, what?' "Aren't you two... an item?"

Blake sighed, laid her head on the counter, and continued reading her book. "It's complicated."

Twenty minutes later, Weiss checked out two books simply for the sake of it and headed out.

"Ruby, I believe this case is *closed*," Weiss declared a bit too dramatically, slamming several files and, conspicuously enough, two strange books down on the raven-haired girl's desk. Ruby squeaked in surprise, not expecting Weiss' sudden arrival, the papers she had been reading fluttering to the ground.

"How? Huh? Why?"

"I have found some crucial evidence that I believe solves this whole case in its entirety."

Ruby's eyes widened. "What? You can't just write off Yang and Blake as the culprits without a *proper* investigation! They're-

"Looks can be deceiving," Weiss snapped, her voice gaining an edge. "And apparently, so can personalities. Look right here." She pointed at one of the two books, this one thicker than the other and looking older. "This book is titled '*Midnight Petal*'. It came from the library Belladonna works in. Now, while I was skimming this book for anything suspicious-" the snow-haired girl flipped the book open to page three hundred and forty two, presenting a scrap of white stationary paper. "This was found!"

"Umm... it's possible someone was using that for a bookmark, you know," Ruby said, still a little unsure about Weiss' conclusion. "Did

you at least ask Blake what it was? I mean..."

Weiss snatched the paper from the book and unfolded it, revealing a few words scribbled in messy handwriting. Some of the words were blotched and most were crossed out and written over, but Ruby caught several glimpses of the deleted word, 'sorry'. "Read this supposed letter and tell me you still think Xiao Long and Belladonna are innocent."

Reluctantly, Ruby accepted the paper from her partner's hands and read it as carefully as possible, sure that Yang and Blake weren't the culprits of the incident. However, as she read on, that sureness of hers slowly started fading.

'Blake,

It's (36) 46 miles north of the shit department store I visit every two weeks. They found the bodies. I'm so (sorry) (sorry) (sor) sick of it, Blake. I think we have to move. They're going after us. The next (mude) murder should be in 20 days. I'm so (sory) sorry I got you into this mess. We're leaving on 19. (Sorry)

YXL '

"As you can see," Weiss continued on as Ruby shakily set the paper down on her desk. "This letter is clearly from Yang Xiao Long, referring to the signed initials, and seems to be describing that someone, presumably the police, have found the victims' bodies. It appears that there will be another murder in twenty days - however, the way it was worded appears that Belladonna will be the one to do it, or Xiao Long herself, or maybe even the true culprits if these two aren't. They will apparently be leaving on the nineteenth of September, which is two days away." Weiss narrowed her eyes, the scar on her right one growing ever more emphasized. "That means we - rather, *I* have two days to fit all the small pieces to this big picture and finish the puzzle. And I expect you to *help* me, for once in your life."

Ruby shrunk under the snow-haired agent's stare, too frightened to point out that Ruby's improvising had saved her perhaps half a dozen times in their first meeting with Blake and Yang. "Ca-Can't we interrogate them first before sending them to jail? I'd at least like to, y'know, see if they're *really* the culprits before we..."

"There's no *time*," Weiss hissed out in exasperation, her fists clenching together. "For all we know, Belladonna's found out that I know about this letter and she and Xiao Long are packing up already. Or, worse yet, already speeding out of town and picking out possible remote places to live in." She straightened, grabbing some files, the books, and the letter off Ruby's desk and placing them in a handbag she was carrying. "Come on. You can go track Xiao Long down - according to Mercury, she's currently in the 'shit department store' she mentioned in the letter. I'll handle Belladonna." With that, she turned around and promptly walked off at an incredibly brisk pace that even Ruby couldn't match if she was running.

With a sigh, Ruby collected up the papers that had fallen on the floor, placed them in a neat pile by the side of her desk, and stood up, taking one last look at the paper on top.

'-Wait- '

"BELLADONNA, BLAKE... known to have violent tendencies when threatened, provoked, or questioned, most especially when conversations stray towards XIAO LONG, YANG- "

And at that point, Ruby's mind came to a complete halt, and only one thought crossed her brain-

'Weiss is in trouble. '

The library was empty.

Weiss let out a very tired, very exasperated sigh and pinched the bridge of her nose, trying not to explode at the entrance of a dark

library with the lights closed and the sign on the door saying 'CLOSED'. It was already nighttime, what with her watch reading eight twelve, but *still* . Weiss felt a little childish at the use of her mediocre complaint, but... well, still.

She sighed and turned on her heel, fishing her phone out of her pocket to contact Emerald for Blake's whereabouts. Just as she was waiting for the scout to answer, a flash of black and white darted across the street, turning a sharp corner and disappearing behind a building.

Weiss ground her teeth together and canceled the call, stuffing her phone back into the pocket of her cardigan and rushing towards the building as fast as she could, somehow sure that that blur had definitely been Blake. There was just no mistaking it - that girl had to wear the bow she had on her file photo today, which Weiss felt infinitely thankful for. It was only for a second, but she was sure she had seen the telltale sign of the tips of the bow poking out from the sea of black curls that was Blake's hair.

Turning the corner, she skidded to a stop in front of a crowded street. Yelps and cries were occasionally heard, and Weiss tried as much as possible not to get distracted by the background noise, her eyes searching the area for Blake's silhouette. However, her ice-blue eyes drifted towards the area a crowd was gathering around, a slight metallic stench coming from it, and Weiss huffed, looking over someone's head to see exactly what it was all about.

Her breath hitched.

A body.

Dressed in black and red, with an unmistakable crimson cape draped over her -

"*Ruby!* " The girl's name came out before Weiss knew what she was doing, and the snow-haired girl pushed her way through the crowd with strength she didn't know she had. Kneeling down beside her

partner, Weiss brushed some long red-tipped bangs away from Ruby's face, trying to check her pulse with shaking fingers. It was faint, but her heartbeat was there, and the injuries she could clearly see were a small cut on her cheek and a gash on her left arm that was bleeding freely - but then why was she...

Weiss felt for the back of Ruby's head. There was a noticeable bump.

"Head and arm injury, knocked out into unconsciousness, might have a concussion..." Weiss murmured to herself, more in an attempt to calm herself down than anything else. She scooped Ruby up in her arms, mentally cursing the younger girl for being rather heavy (*'she needs to cut down on that stupid chocolate she haves every morning- '*) and looked around at the crowd. None of them seemed familiar or suspicious in anyway, and they certainly weren't carrying a blunt object capable of knocking someone out either. That ruled the spectators out. "Did anyone see what happened here?" she called.

"There was an older girl here, I think, but she ran away before I could get a better look at her," a middle-aged man exclaimed. Weiss nodded vaguely in his direction, before setting Ruby down against a building and grabbed her phone. Almost as if on cue, Emerald called, and Weiss' finger swiped down on the 'accept call' action in lightning speed.

"Waiting for a call, were you?" Emerald mumbled, her voice sleepy. Weiss deduced she had fallen asleep at work again. "Who is it this time? Belladonna can't be tracked tonight, it looks-"

"Emerald, I need you to get someone to fetch Ruby from-" Weiss glanced up at the building she was in front of and continued. "-from that McDonald's you and Mercury went out to once to prank Cinder and back to headquarters. After that, you round up your best team of scouts and track Belladonna down. I don't care if she can't be found tonight, you *will* look for her and you *will* find her and tell me where she is. You got all that?"

"Absolutely," a smooth, silky voice replied, sounding nothing like Emerald. "What happened? Were you and your girlfriend enjoying yourselves and Belladonna decided to pop in and kill Rose?"

"Cinder, I swear to the highest gods, if you do not listen to what I just said, I will cut off your limbs one by one and sell them to Torchwick." Weiss was *not* in the mood.

There was a small scuffle in the background, and Emerald's voice returned. "Wha - Ruby, right? Okay, Jaune's not doing anything right now, I think screwing up a drive that close isn't possible even for him. And if you're really that serious about Belladonna, I'll get Neo to do it, yeah?"

"Make it fast." And Weiss hung up. As she looked around the area, some of the people in the crowd still hovering near her, a groan sounded from her partner. Quick as a flash of lightning, Weiss was back at Ruby's side, hand supporting her back and the other once again checking her pulse, just to make sure Blake - or whoever the culprit had been - hadn't done anything else. "Ruby? Ruby, are you alright?"

"W... Weiss? S'that you?" Ruby mumbled, her head nodding to the side slightly as locks of hair fell over her barely-open gray eyes. Weiss swept them away, too concerned to care for public display. "Ah... Blake, she... I thought y' w're in tr'ble..."

"You came after me even though I told you to go look for Xiao Long?" Weiss hissed, feeling tears prick the corner of her eyes. "You absolute *dunce*, I will murder you once Ozpin and Goodwitch get you back to normal - Ruby, Jaune will be coming to get you, okay? Neo is looking for Blake-" "*Stupid girl having a stupid long surname-*" "- You just stay put right where headquarters is and, and just-"

Her phone buzzed. Weiss cursed, the side of her that used foul language surfacing in all the pressure, and she practically attacked the screen with her finger. "If this isn't Neo telling me where

Belladonna is, then I won't give more than half a fuck on why you're calling."

"Good, because this *is* Neo telling you where Belladonna is, so maybe you can give more than half a fuck on this call," a light voice responded. "Blake Belladonna is currently in a black truck with Yang Xiao Long traveling north from here. You should hurry, 'cause they're going 'round over seventy, approaching eighty miles by now."

"Fine. Get me a car in five minutes or less. Preferably less."

"It's a little risky, but I guess I can get Valkyrie to do it."

Weiss hung up and stuffed her phone back in her pocket for perhaps the twenty fifth time that day. Looking around, she could already see Jaune's car approaching from a distance, so at least Ruby's safety would be guaranteed. She glanced back down at her partner, her heart skipping a beat at the sight of Ruby looking so... vulnerable. And the fact that Ruby had gotten hurt because she was worried for Weiss -

"Is she o-okay?" Jaune stammered, bending down to scoop Ruby up and place her gently in the backseat. Weiss ripped a scrap of cloth off of Jaune's jacket, much to the blond's surprise, and pressed it against the wound of Ruby's arm, trying to slow the blood flow. "I hope I got here in time. I-I did, right?"

"Yes, yes," Weiss snapped, not wanting to talk to the blond when she was having an internal breakdown at the lack of a car. She wrapped the cloth around Ruby's arm, forming a makeshift bandage. "Is Valkyrie coming soon?"

"Knowing her... probably." Jaune stepped into the vehicle, his expression concerned as he looked up at Weiss pacing back and forth restlessly. "Hey, uh, be careful out there, alright? I read the files, the two you're chasing-"

"I *know*," Weiss growled, biting down on her thumb for lack of better things to do. In her mind, to fill her thoughts, she had started reciting the entire process of how a human body decomposed and was halfway through when the roaring of a car going way, way over the speed limit reached her ears. Turning her head so fast it was a surprise her neck didn't snap, the faint outline of a bright pink car was rapidly approaching, getting larger and larger by the second. Several passersby jumped out of the way to avoid getting run down by the obnoxiously colored car and its equally obnoxious driver.

Nora Valkyrie pulled up by the road, just barely refraining from banging against Jaune's car, and waved at Weiss. "Heya! You're using my car, right?"

"I'll handle it better than you, that's for sure," Weiss grumbled as the orange-haired girl skipped into the passenger's seat of Jaune's car. "Make sure to get Ruby treated as *fast as possible*," Weiss commanded, glaring straight into Jaune's eyes. "Or I will not hesitate to send Cinder after you."

"I got it, I got it!" the blond yelped. "Well, good luck, then, snow angel!" With that, he rushed out of the street and turned towards the direction of their headquarters. Weiss wasted no time in grabbing her phone and checking directions for where north was, not caring if she was violating rules. There were most probably lives at stake here, and if she didn't hurry - well.

Who knew if they would do something worse than what they had done to Ruby?

Weiss caught up to the fleeing duo frighteningly fast in a pink car that wasn't even hers.

She had caught sight of the truck nearly ten minutes after she had reached north of town, and had gradually caught up with them until she had finally managed to scream "*Stop!*" at them. The vehicle slowed down by just the slightest bit, most probably purely from

surprise, but it was enough for Weiss to zoom towards them and shorten the distance by an incredible amount.

Opening the window, Weiss shouted as loud as her lungs would allow, "You two, stop this instant! You are suspected for murdering two people and injuring one! *Stop your vehicle before I do it for you!*" She almost started resorting to the foulest profanity one could ever hear, but quite unexpectedly, the truck did halt in its tracks. Weiss very nearly crashed into it if she hadn't smashed her foot against the brakes. Seeing that the duo must have given up, she climbed out of her car and brought out her gun, aiming it at the general direction of where the driver must be. "Get out of the car, hands in the air!"

The doors to both the driver's seat and the passenger's seat opened. Weiss tensed, clicking the safety off her gun, eyes narrowed in concentration. Sweat beaded down the side of her head. Even when facing serial killers that were much worse than this, she felt horribly nervous...

And then two individuals who were *not* yellow and black appeared.

One is white. The other is red. Weiss almost screamed - '*they're* mocking *me*, *I'm going to-*'

"Melanie, who is that girl?" the one in red asked, maintaining a polite stature, her head lowered slightly.

"I don't know, Miltia, but we should teach her a lesson," the one in white replied coolly. In contrast to the one in red, she held herself arrogantly, arms presumably crossed.

What disturbed Weiss the most was not the completely different names, the completely different appearance, or the horrifically familiar color scheme, but the fact that neither girl had even turned around to face Weiss. Both girls' backs were still facing the agent. That they didn't hold up their hands either irked the snow-haired girl quite a bit. "Hands. In. The. Air!"

They turned around in complete synchronization and *lunged* .

And Weiss fired.

She missed, of course, but not completely, at least; the bullet grazed Melanie's bare shoulder, a few drops of blood flying from the injured spot. She flinched, but that didn't seem to deter her from spinning in *mid-air* and hitting Weiss square in the face with her devilishly sharp heels. Miltia, or whatever her full name was, landed on top of Weiss' fallen body at just the right moment and threw her fist at the back of her head.

The snow-haired agent felt, rather than saw or smelled, her blood. Hell, it was everywhere, It was impossible not to notice the red liquid pooling around her. '*Jesus Christ*, ' she thought numbly, feeling her head swim. '*What the fuck do those girls put in their feet?* '

"It is very effective for knocking out the pesky police," Melanie, or what sounded like Melanie, said, her voice just another buzz in Weiss' ears.

"Isn't it? I always thought they hindered your movement."

"It works, all the same."

"Truly. Shall we head back?"

"Let's, dear sister."

Weiss *snarled* .

Even though her head ached, even though her nose felt like it had been broken in ten different ways, even though she couldn't see Yang or Blake anywhere, even though these two girls were probably the true culprits and the duo she had spoken to with her partner might have been red herrings, it did not change the fact that *they hurt Ruby*.

She pushed herself upwards, ignoring the pain throbbing everywhere, wiped the blood on her face off with her sleeve, snatched her gun, and tackled the nearest sister - who turned out to be Melanie.

The white-dressed girl shrieked, tried to push her off, but Weiss held the girl down in just the right position that her feet couldn't reach the agent and her arms were pinned to her sides. Looking up momentarily, Weiss could see Miltia rushing at her with her arm outstretched -

Bang.

The red-clad girl toppled.

"*Miltiades!* " Melanie screeched, trying to claw her way out of Weiss' grip in a futile attempt to reach her sister, and Weiss hesitated.

She hurt a person. A person that almost killed her, a person that almost killed Ruby, a person that could have killed two other people - but a person nonetheless.

She was just becoming like them.

In that split second of hesitation on Weiss' part, the white-dressed girl had freed herself from the agent's grasp and crawled over to her sister's fallen body, Miltiades' chest heaving up and down as she gasped for air. "Miltia, Miltia, it's okay, I'm here, please just be okay for a little while-"

Murderous pale green eyes turn to face ice blue.

"*You did this!* " the feral cry sounded. Melanie launched herself at the shock-still Weiss, and before the agent knew what was happening, her arm was a few seconds too late -

There was pink, and white, and brown.

Neopolitan tumbled across the ground, her body tangled with Melanie's as she smashed her umbrella repeatedly against the white-dressed girl's head. Melanie growled, ignoring the thin streams of blood coming from under her mess of shining black locks, and smashed her heel against Neo's side. The scout winced, but simply swung her umbrella once more and sent it crashing against Melanie's stomach, the white-dressed girl flying to impact against the truck. She didn't move.

The pink-brunette staggered to her feet, clutching her side as it bled from a deep gash Melanie's sharp heel had caused. She dipped her head in acknowledgement towards the stunned Weiss, forcing a polite smile. "I got here as fast as I could."

"I..."

"Let's not... worry about anything else for now." Neo tore a piece off of Melanie's dress and pressed it against her injury, then did the same thing, except pressing the cloth against Miltiades' thigh. She eyed the wound carefully, then sighed. "Well, all three of you are quite lucky you didn't hit anything vital. The worst that will come from this is some difficulty in walking for a month or two. But she'll be kept alive for interrogation, at least."

Weiss nodded numbly. There was really a lack of better things to do, right then.

Neo rolled her eyes. "Am I going to have to do everything here? A bleeding nose and a headache isn't something that will normally stop Weiss Schnee from investigating that truck."

"Right," Weiss managed to sputter out, shakily picking herself up and stumbling over to the truck. Looking inside through the driver's window, she couldn't really see anything worth paying attention to, but she *could* hear...

"Belladonna, Xiao Long?"

The backseat held two gagged, half-unconscious suspects.

Weiss was obligated to bring Yang and Blake back in her (rather, Nora's) car back to headquarters, while Neo opted to drive the truck, along with the unconscious Malachite sisters - or whatever the pink-brunette had called them. Weiss didn't particularly care.

She removed the gag from the duo, but kept the ropes tied around their wrists and legs untouched, not wanting to have them attack her in the middle of driving and crash against some tree. Yang protested at first, but eventually quieted down, probably too tired and relishing the fresh air to continue. Blake was silent the whole time, face down, amber eyes glinting in the dark.

Once Weiss had finally gotten back to headquarters, she immediately pushed the two suspects to the nearest interrogation room she could find, just to get them somewhere to dump them in and continue with her own business. That being said, her own business was not actually work-related at all.

A very quick conversation with Jaune later, Weiss found herself by Ruby's bedside, looking at her various injuries. There were very few - at least, compared to what the Malachite sisters could have done - and it seemed that her partner was sleeping peacefully rather than unconscious, to which Weiss was infinitely grateful for.

Ruby's eyes blinked open.

Weiss nearly rocketed from her chair into the ceiling. "Ruby?"

"Weiss!" the red-caped girl shot up from the bed, but winced at the stinging sensation at her arm. "Ow, that hurts. Also, I have a really bad head-oh God Weiss what happened are you okay who did that to you!?"

"Calm down, dunce," the snow-haired girl muttered, pushing Ruby's too-close face away from her own bloodied one. Weiss had tried to

wipe most of it off with her sleeve, but only managed to smudge it everywhere on her face, so she had to make do by keeping her gaze downwards. "This is nothing. Are *you* alright?"

"I am perfectly fine, *aside from the fact that you look like you got run over by a tractor.* "

Weiss flinched. "Ruby-"

"Weiss, come on, you gotta fix yourself up." Silver eyes darted to Weiss' trembling hand, to which Ruby took in her own rough, calloused one. "What *happened* back there? Are you really okay?"

"... Not so," came the shaken reply. "My face hurts. A lot."

Ruby pressed a button on the remote on a nearby desk. "It won't, in a bit."

Melanie and Miltiades Malachite were the culprits of the two murders.

When interrogated, Melanie vehemently denied it, while Miltiades remained silent, refusing to say anything and resorting to nodding or shaking her head, and sometimes looking over to her elder sister to respond for her. Her first words after five days of interrogation, though, were, "Tell Yang and Blake we're sorry," and then, right after that, Melanie sighed and said, "We did it."

The two previously-suspected girls, on the other hand, were reasonably shaken up by the whole mess. They stated that the Malachite sisters had been terrorizing them by murdering the people they were close to, and it eventually reached a point where the body count had reached the double digits. It became serious enough that Blake and Yang had to move away to another town, but it was obvious that the Malachite sisters had followed them when the murders started up a few weeks after their arrival. Yang wrote Blake a letter on the day of the murders, explaining that they had to move

on the nineteenth once more, but just as Blake had been about to go meet up with Yang, she had been ambushed by Melanie and dragged into the truck, gagged and bound.

According to Ruby, she had come across Melanie dragging Blake along and tried to stop her, but clearly, the white-dressed girl had overpowered the agent and knocked her out with three swift kicks - one to inflict the arm injury, one grazing her cheek, and finally, the one at the back of her head to knock her out.

It had also been Miltiades who had slipped the paper into the book Weiss had borrowed. As Weiss had left the two books in her handbag and headed to retrieve some files, Miltiades had somehow managed to sneak into her office and place Yang's letter in the book. Weiss had been somewhat disturbed that their defenses had been breached so easily, but considering that this was a girl who had killed over nine people with her sister, she supposed she shouldn't be so surprised. It all came down to Weiss and Neo who had managed to bring the two sisters down and squeeze the truth out of them.

It only occurred to Weiss when the two sisters were properly moved to jail that she had finished the case within a week.

The snow-haired agent's face was treated accordingly, and her nose hadn't been damaged too much, despite the overwhelming pain she had felt. The head injury had also been of little concern, which Weiss found disturbing. Why had it hurt so much, and yet caused so little actual damage?

Neopolitan, on the other hand, had to get her side injury stitched, as Melanie's heel had pierced right through flesh. This had irked Weiss even more, though she was rather thankful she didn't have to get another scar, this time one across her face.

When Ruby had been properly healed, her injuries mended and her head no longer hurting every few seconds, she was allowed to continue on and do her work as usual. Since the case was closed, she and Weiss were no longer obligated to be partners, but

somehow, the two would always end up solving other cases together.

Then came Blake and Yang. They were completely innocent, so they were let out, too, and the very moment the duo stepped foot out of the building, Blake attacked Yang with a ferocious kiss and demand the blonde take her out for a fancy date like Weiss did with Ruby. Yang had obliged very willingly.

Weiss had overheard that conversation, and couldn't resist flushing all the way to the tips of her ears. Had Ruby really been that convincing in her story-telling or -

"Weiss!"

"What is i-"

There was a speeding black-red blur until the red-caped girl crashed onto the agent. A muffled cry of protest escaped Weiss' lips as Ruby rested her head atop glimmering white locks. "Ah, Weiss~ it feels so good to move around again! I'm still not over those boring, boring, *boooring* days in the bed, y'know?"

"I can see that," Weiss replied, voice still muffled by Ruby's chest. "Now, if you could kindly step away from me..."

"I know you like it," Ruby teased, but took a few steps back anyway. Standing on her tiptoes so she was with eye level with the slightly taller girl, her silver eyes stared intensely at Weiss' glacier blue. "Hey, Weiss?"

"W-What?" the snow-haired agent mumbled, trying to break eye contact and yet feeling drawn to the glittering gray eyes. *'God, her face is so close, if I move just one inch- '*

"Let's go on a date!"

Through some strange, strange circumstances, Weiss found herself in Cinder's apartment with Ruby, Blake, Yang, Emerald, Mercury, and Cinder herself in a card-house-building contest.